

love (is never a sickness) by honeycombkiss

Series: [waited just to love you \[6\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Abusive Sonia Kaspbrak, Aged-Up Characters (17 years old), Alternate Universe - High School, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak Needs A Hug, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Sex, Established Relationship, Junior Year of High School, M/M, Period-Typical Homophobia, Post-Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier is a Good Boyfriend, Sonia Kaspbrak's A+ Parenting, although no one moves away or forgets

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-11-28

Updated: 2019-11-28

Packaged: 2019-12-19 03:02:12

Rating: Mature

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,053

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

“I’m – I’m not sick,” Eddie stuttered around his tears, letting them slide down his cheeks and dampen the pillow he laid on. Eddie wished he could turn the clock back one hour—stop himself from crying and making such a mess of everything. He wanted to live the night without warm tears and a runny nose; without the look of sadness in Richie’s eyes.

But the list kept going. He wanted to feel normal. He wanted to never have to hear his mother speak about sicknesses and diseases that she knew nothing about. He wanted to hold Richie’s hand in public, and he wanted Richie to wrap an arm around his shoulders while they walked down the hallways. And he wanted to make-out at the back of theater at the Aladdin. He wanted his anxiety to go the fuck away.

He wanted to not worry about anything for an entire fucking day.

I want, I want, I want, Eddie thought, the words burning his esophagus as the bile of it came up from his heart.

love (is never a sickness)

Author's Note:

- For [Halie](#)love.

to halie -

"you deserve good things, and i want to be one of them"

--ellen hopkins

Eddie lay in his bed, lonely and feeling ashamedly heartbroken. His chest felt overloaded, his mind nauseous, his limbs heavy. Every intake of breath was shuddery, as if he were suffocating on the stifled, toxic air of the hellhole he was forced to live in. His mother's television was loud—he could just make out the theme music to one of her ridiculous soaps.

He'd barely escaped, claiming he was feeling tired. And he was, he'd had a long week. And there was another one looming before him—school exams, homework, track practice, group projects, SAT studying, and.

Eddie closed his eyes, breathing deeply to try and evade the panic attack that he could feel building and raging just behind his skin. It was the tightening in his chest, the trembling of his limbs, the racing of his heart.

Eddie felt absolutely sick to his stomach. His mother's voice was loud in his head, a constant loop of hatred and disgust.

Words and phrases he could never seem to avoid—*gay cancer, faggots, sinners before the Lord, an abomination, heathens*—all swam through his mind, all in the tone of his mother's low and leering voice. He knew how she felt, but it still hurt to hear; as if she'd taken a hundred tiny little needles and poked at his heart until it bled all over the living room carpet. He'd tried so hard to change the channel as the news station began a segment about the national AIDS epidemic, but his mother had insisted, spewing her hateful opinions the entire time.

Eddie *hated* how much he feared her. Fear wasn't anything new to Eddie. He knew fear intimately. He feared her voice and how sometimes she grabbed his wrist and held it too tightly, leaving behind bruises the shape of her fingers. He feared her tyrant rants and her distaste of Richie. He feared that he might just be stuck in her house forever.

Which was why he begged and pleaded to be allowed to spend evenings out with his friends.

But Sunday nights were non-negotiable. Sunday nights were full of mother-and-son-bonding activities. Like Eddie painting her nails, and Eddie watching her television shows, and Eddie listening to her rant about their next-door neighbors. Followed by Eddie making them dinner, and Eddie cleaning the kitchen to meet her incredibly ludicrous standards. Eddie would listen to her rave about the newest medication he had to try '*just once*' and the new sofa covers she was interested in purchasing.

And the rules he had to follow were exhausting, left him feeling anxious and rundown. He had to sit up straight—"*Eddie-bear, you don't want to be wheelchair bound in your thirties*", because she'd read an article in a magazine her sister had sent her. And there was the rule about two servings of microwaved, canned string beans she required him to eat—"*Since you refuse to take those immune boosters*", as if they weren't sugar pills, too. He wasn't allowed to sit on her chair in the living room, and he couldn't make comments until the commercials.

Sunday's were horrific.

But Sunday nights also meant Richie sneaking up into his bedroom. Richie's presence was warm and welcome, but Eddie hadn't wanted to be stuck in his own personal hell any longer. The walls of his bedroom seemed to close in on him a little more every day. He only had a little over four-hundred days until he and Richie sped off into the sunset. And although that number got smaller each and every day, sometimes it felt like it was only growing exponentially.

That night, as Richie squeezed through the window, long limbs flailing and head smacking against the top of the windowpane, Eddie

didn't waste a moment. He yanked Richie back to his feet, and pushed his hideous, neon purple windbreaker off his shoulder. Eddie moved quickly, pulling both of their shirts off without pause. And when Richie tried to talk, Eddie cut him off with a searing kiss. It was the best way to get Richie to shut up.

Eddie walked them back towards his bed, until Richie's thighs hit the mattress. Richie groaned low when Eddie began tugging at his belt. Eddie didn't take the time to look at it, though he knew intrinsically that it was some godawful color, no doubt dotted with sharpie.

Eddie sunk to his knees, loving the feeling of Richie's eyes on him. Richie's iris' had gone dark, holding lust and adoration. Eddie thrived on it, tugging at the severely ripped jeans that hung at Richie's hips.

"Fuck, Eds," Richie's voice was low, already using his extremely fucked voice. Eddie was so enamored by it, and it spurred him on. He could almost forget the pain that was lodged just beyond his goose-bumped skin. Which was exactly what he had been hoping for.

He took Richie's dick into his mouth, sighing at the weight of him against his tongue. It was a heaviness that was familiar and exciting. His stifling thoughts slipped away as he focused on licking the underside of Richie's cock, and kissing the tip, and cupping at his balls. He was careful to avoid snagging him with his teeth or taking too much and gagging.

Richie's noises were melodic to Eddie's ears, going straight to his dick. His hand not wrapped around the base of Richie's cock went down to his own dick, palming himself through his pants. He groaned appreciatively around Richie's cock and then Richie tugged at Eddie's hair, pulling him away.

"Don't wanna come like this," Richie groaned, sitting down on Eddie's mattress. *"Come up here with me."* Eddie rose quickly, cock straining in his jeans, begging to be touched.

As he stood, his covered crotch became level with Richie's face. Richie licked his own bottom lip, blinked his eyes slowly and made quick work of unbuttoning Eddie's pants. He didn't waste a moment before taking as much of Eddie into his mouth as he could, only

gagging slightly. Which made his mouth drip with saliva and Eddie's precum, dribbling at his chin. Richie was a fucking sight, and it made Eddie weak-kneed.

It took everything inside of him to push at Richie's shoulders until he pulled off and fell against the bed.

"Come kiss me, Eds," Richie teased, as his mouth was spit-slick, Eddie's precum still coating his chin. Eddie didn't mind though; Richie looked irresistible.

The pair fumbled around for a moment, trying to get into a comfortable position. Richie's quiet laughter filled the room, and Eddie's intrusive fears came tumbling back in. Eddie felt instantly weighed down, as if his mother's revulsion climbed into the bed with them.

"Are you okay?" Richie's voice was shocking, pulling Eddie back into the moment.

Eddie wasn't sure what to say, or what Richie could see exposed in Eddie's expression.

"Richie, please," Eddie hiccupped. He could feel the tears gathering in his eyes, pooling and ready to spill over. His chest was immensely tight with the weight of it all, and he wanted to succumb to the pain that would inevitably envelope him.

"Eds,"

"Please-" Eddie didn't have to beg again, as Richie pressed his lips firmly against Eddie's once more. It was warm and Eddie clung to it.

As Richie's lips slid against his, Eddie leaned into it. He tried to forget everything else. It was easy to lose himself in the kiss. Richie was *warmth* and *happiness* and so Eddie clung. His fingers dug into the skin at Richie's biceps, most likely leaving crescent shapes behind when he dragged his nails away.

Richie rolled Eddie onto his back then, awkwardly slinging one of his legs to the other side of Eddie's body until he hovered over him. Richie was all gangly limbs and sharp edges and jutting bones; Eddie

was so in love with him. Eddie ran his hands from Richie's shoulder blades, down his sides, before squeezing his hips. Richie responded in kind, reconnecting their lips.

Richie's kiss was hard and bruising, before he darted out his tongue to lick along Eddie's bottom lip. Just as he always did, he sucked Eddie's bottom lip between his teeth and bit down. Eddie couldn't help but buck his hips up against Richie's own.

"Mm, fuck, Eds," Richie blabbered, his words breathy around a moan. His lips found purchase on Eddie's neck, sucking lightly so as not to leave a mark. When he sucked at Eddie's collarbone, Eddie couldn't help but buck up towards Richie once again.

Richie reattached their lips after that. It was rough and everything Eddie had been craving. When he was kissing Richie, he couldn't hear the demons in his head; the demons that chanted in his mother's voice. Oh how he wished he knew how to make them go away.

From there it was all purposeful movements, and languid kisses. Richie licked into Eddie's mouth, moaned when Eddie bits down lightly.

Eddie couldn't hold tight enough, though; he couldn't make it last. When Richie pulled his lips away from Eddie's to mutter filth into his ear, Eddie's mind slipped away. He was so used to tuning out Richie, it was sometimes an accidental process. (And it wasn't that he *didn't* want to hear Richie, but anyone close to Richie knew you sometimes had to tune him out to keep a semblance of sanity.)

But as he distanced himself from Richie's love and warmth, the sadness and pressure came bubbling back to the surface. It felt like tar dripping from his heart and infecting his lungs and coating his ribcage until it felt impossible to breathe. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he craved his inhaler—even after all this time.

He couldn't help it; he sobbed. It was a guttural, *loud* sob. It shook his chest, his shoulders rising and falling, his face screwing up in the sadness he desperately didn't want to feel.

"*Fuck*," Eddie cursed, pulling a hand away from Richie's grasp to hide

his face. It was *too much* and he didn't want Richie to see and he didn't want to be alone.

"Baby," Richie's voice was uncharacteristically quiet, a gentleness in it he rarely showed. (It was his *Eddie voice*; it was for when they were lying in bed together, or they snuck away to make out, or Eddie said something that made Richie erupt in a string of '*cute, cute, cute*'s. Richie had a lot of voices, but this was by far Eddie's favorite.)

But the voice only made Eddie's sobs intensify. Because he knew his mother was wrong. He knew he wasn't sick. Being in a relationship with Richie had been the happiest thing to ever happen to him, and he knew that there was nothing wrong with that. But, still, his mother's words had stung.

"Eds," Richie tried again, placing a gentle hand around Eddie's wrist and attempting to pull his hands away from his face. Eddie tried to resist, but he was no match for a determined Richie. Instead, his hand was easily pried away. Eddie met eyes with Richie, finding his brown eyes misty and concerned. Eddie wished terribly that he could roll back time about half an hour. He had no idea what to say to Richie; was terrified that it seemed Richie had no idea what to say to him.

Richie was rarely speechless. It was a testament to just how distressed Eddie must've appeared that Richie hadn't even tried to fix it with a shitty joke. For Richie, jokes were for happy and sad moments.

(What kind of moment was this?)

"I'm fine," Eddie croaked out, wincing at how wrecked his voice sounded even to his own ears.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Richie spoke in a fast voice, whatever accent he was trying to use completely unrecognizable to Eddie. "Tot-ally."

Eddie closed his eyes, attempting to hide from Richie's intense stare. He didn't want to talk about it. He didn't want to think about it. He didn't want the words to burrow deeper and deeper into his subconscious. He didn't want them to take root in Richie's mind either. The entire thing felt so unfair.

"I'm sorry," Eddie hiccupped past another sob that threatened to rack his body. He didn't want to cry.

So Eddie reached up, wrapped both of his arms around Richie's neck and pulled him down on top of him. Richie wasn't expecting it, so he fell easily. It would've been comical under any other circumstances, as Richie's long arms flapped as he tried to catch himself. Richie's elbow jabbed Eddie's side, but he liked the way the pain sparked him back to the moment. Richie's heavy weight was a reminder of his presence, a tie to the realm of the living. Their bodies were flush against one another, pressed together from shoulder to toes. It was easy for Eddie to lift his head and attach his lips back onto Richie's.

Richie spluttered. "Eds," he started, trying to prop himself back up, though he struggled with his uncoordinated limbs. "Baby, we gotta--"

"I'm not talking!" Eddie exclaimed, frustrated at himself for yelling and at Richie for not being able to take a hint.

"Well, too bad," Richie said. "I'm not kissing you again until you tell me what the fuck is going on."

Eddie didn't mean to, but he whined. He could already feel the tears pricking his eyes again.

"I don't have anything to say," Eddie's voice held a note of finality, challenging Richie to disagree. "Come on, Rich, just think with your dick like you always claim to."

"I resent that," Richie said, but his voice was still coated in tenderness, his eyebrows furrowed.

The two stared at one another, until Eddie broke the moment to cup at Richie's now semi-hard dick. He squeezed gently, spurred on by the fluttering of Richie's eyelids and the quickening of his breathing.

"Please just love me," Eddie let the tears fall down his cheeks. He spit into his other hand and brought it down to Richie's dick as well. "Please, Rich. I don't want to yell or fight or cry," he hiccupped. "I just want to be loved."

Eddie closed his eyes against the emotions that swam across Richie's

face. He didn't want to see them; he didn't want to think about the pain and confusion that flashed across his face. He didn't want to know that he was causing Richie any pain. Eddie carried enough for the both of them. His mind screamed and his lungs tightened, but somehow it all fucking *stopped* when Richie leaned down to nip at Eddie's bottom lip.

Eddie sighed in both pleasure and relief when Richie began slowly rocking into Eddie's hands.

There wasn't time for slow fingering, or lube coated movements. Instead, it was an erratic hand job that left both of them gasping into one another's open mouth. Richie came first, dripping down onto Eddie's stomach. Richie didn't stop his quick, deliberate movements, though. Instead, he became more finessed, pressing his thumb just underneath the tip of Eddie's dick while sucking Eddie's sensitive nipples. Eddie came with a soft shout, covering them both in his come.

Eddie's emotional high slowed his heart, and momentarily paused his heartache. His world was nothing but Richie's cuddles and gentle shoulder kisses. He was aware of nothing more than Richie's praise and fingers roaming through his hair.

He closed his eyes, relishing in the moment of serenity that enveloped the pair. He wanted nothing more than to stay in that moment for the rest of the night; Richie's skin against his fingertips, Richie's breath in his ear, Richie's hair tickling his cheek.

Beside him, Richie's breathing had almost completely leveled out. Eddie proved how horrible he felt when he didn't get up to clean them off. He could feel the stickiness of their residual come hardening against his skin. He didn't like the sensation of it, how uncomfortable and cold and itchy it made him feel. The thought of getting up, though, was haunting. His limbs were jelly, his heart a lead weight.

Several minutes of silence passed, all of which Eddie ignored his whirling brain. If he didn't focus on the thoughts maybe they would go away.

The bed shifted, suddenly, causing Eddie to take an unsteady breath. Without moving, his eyes followed Richie's path as he climbed from the bed and knelt before Eddie's bedside table. In the bottom drawer, underneath a collection of random things and inside the old cardboard packaging box that his humidifier came in was their hidden stash of wipes, condoms and lube. Eddie watched as Richie pulled out several wipes, before hiding it all again.

The moonlight streamed through the window, casting against Richie's sharp edges, jutting bones, soft stomach, and curly mop of hair sticking to his forehead with sweat. He was a dream, Eddie thought absentmindedly. He knew he must've looked a mess, but the soft smile and lingering look that Richie gave him was answer enough that Richie still found him pretty.

A word that Eddie hadn't always liked being called. He liked it now, and they both knew it. Richie whispered it while he hugged him close to his side at their lunch table, and when he climbed out of the Quarry on warm summer afternoons, and when he kissed the tip of his wind-tinted pink nose. Richie said it when he undressed him slowly, and bit at his collarbones. He liked when Richie called him pretty, even now when he said it entirely without words and only with a lingering glance.

Richie clambered back onto the bed beside Eddie, pressing the cold wipe to Eddie's stomach. Their come had long since dried, causing Richie to press firmly in order to clean it all up. Eddie lay still, only moving to reach a hand up and smooth some of Richie's hair out of his eyes. Richie smiled at the gesture, leaning over to kiss the palm of his hand. Eddie blinked slowly, memorizing the feel of Richie's chapped lips.

Richie worked quickly, his movements erratic and random; just like Richie always was. But nevertheless his actions were full of such tenderness, Eddie felt his eyes prickle again with unshed tears. He felt ridiculous; he couldn't remember the last time he'd cried so much. It was irritating and *embarrassing*, but this was Richie and so Eddie couldn't help it. His guards were down, his heart was raw and exposed.

"I'm – I'm *not* sick," Eddie stuttered around his tears, letting them

slide down his cheeks and dampen the pillow he laid on. Richie glanced up from his ministrations, catching Eddie's gaze.

"Baby," Richie murmured, his voice soft and full of worry. Again, Eddie wished he could turn the clock back one hour—stop himself from crying and making such a mess of everything. He wanted to live the night without warm tears and a runny nose; without the look of sadness in Richie's eyes.

And the list kept going. He wanted to feel normal. He wanted to never have to hear his mother speak about sicknesses and diseases that she knew nothing about. He wanted to hold Richie's hand in public, and he wanted Richie to wrap an arm around his shoulders while they walked down the hallways. And he wanted to make-out at the back of theater at the Aladdin. He wanted his anxiety to go the fuck away. He wanted to not worry about anything for an entire *fucking* day.

I want, I want, I want, Eddie thought, the words burning his esophagus as the bile of it came up from his heart.

"I'm sorry, Rich," Eddie gasped. "I'm so sorry."

"Eds, baby," Richie said again, looking lost.

"I'm not sick," Eddie sniffled. "And this isn't wrong."

"It's not," Richie agreed, setting the used wipes onto the bedside table to be dealt with in the morning. "Will you tell me what's going on now?"

Eddie answered by tugging Richie down to his side. Richie came easily and clumsily. He wrapped his arms around Eddie, pulling him against his side. Eddie tucked his head into the crook of Richie's neck, and just breathed. They were quick puffs, Eddie begging himself to get a grip. Panic attacks were exhausting, and Eddie knew he didn't have the energy to deal with one. Richie rubbed circles against Eddie's sides, anchoring him to the moment.

"It's just the same old bullshit," Eddie murmured finally. His voice was wrecked.

“And what exactly is that same old bullshit?” Richie murmured back, continuing to soothe Eddie with the gentleness of his touch.

Eddie fumbled for the right words to say. His thoughts were scattered and fragmented, sharp to the touch. He wanted to speak without blood pouring from his mouth and soaking the both of them. He wanted to say something that wouldn’t burn Richie’s skin, too.

“I’m not sick,” Eddie repeated his mantra, knowing he needed to hear it again. He couldn’t be sick. The love that he shared with Richie could never be anything but breathtakingly stunning. Richie’s endless support, patience and endless supply of jokes were nothing but pure of heart. Eddie couldn’t regret it; couldn’t pull away from it even if he tried. Richie was his sun, and he was stuck in his orbit for eternity. But those thoughts weren’t frightening, instead, they were the solace that held him together.

“We are not sick,” Eddie said when Richie didn’t speak. Eddie didn’t look up, unsure of what he’d find in Richie’s eyes. “Love is never a sickness.”

“I know,” Eddie could feel Richie nodding. “But it still fucking sucks to hear other people shit talk.”

Of course Richie understood.

“It’s fucked up,” Eddie agreed. “There’s nothing else to say about it. It’s why I didn’t say anything before. I don’t want to admit that it hurts me. I don’t want to give it any more power.”

“You’re brave, Eds,” Richie laced his fingers with Eddie’s, squeezing tightly.

Eddie could only scoff, though it sounded weak and watery.

“I’m fucking serious,” Richie said, his voice firm. “You deal with more shit than anyone ever should.”

Eddie just shrugged. “So do you. It’s what we do. It is what it is.”

“Still sucks ass,”

“Yeah,” Eddie agreed. “I know.”

Silence surrounded the pair. Eddie pressed his eyes tightly shut until he saw stars and fireworks exploded behind his eyelids. His head throbbed, but his body was tired and sated. He knew if he stayed still long enough, he’d fall asleep.

Richie’s breathing evened out as he tugged Eddie’s comforter over the both of them.

“We’re like super heroes or some shit,” Richie babbled, Eddie knew, to fill the room with something.

“Can I be Batman?” Eddie asked, eyelids too heavy to hold open any longer.

“Fuck no. I’m Batman, and you’re little Robin.” Richie chuckled. “God you’d look so cute in those little spandex costumes.”

“Can’t I be someone cool?” Eddie asked.

“Like who? Superman?”

“Fuck no,” Eddie gasped. “Superman is not that cool. He’s basic and boring. And we prefer Marvel Comics, anyway, Rich.”

“My bad, sweetheart. Who do you want to be? Thor? ‘Cause you’re both Ass-guardians,” Richie teased, enunciating the word oddly, sounding proud of his joke.

“That made zero fucking sense,”

“It’s ‘cause you’ve got such a lovely ass, Eds, and you’re also the guardian of my ass.” Richie explained, laughter in his voice.

“Oh my god,” Eddie giggled at the sheer absurdity of the joke. “Fine, I’m Thor. Who are you?”

“Deadpool, duh. We’ve both got an amazing sense of humor. And I’m sure Thor and Deadpool had some steamy affair one time.”

There were many wonderful ways to end a night, Eddie knew. There

was making out and daring Richie to do dumb shit and falling asleep in the tall grass at the Hanlon farm. There was star gazing in the Tozier's backyard, Richie and Eddie squeezed onto one lawn chair.

But this was far from a terrible way to fall asleep; wrapped up tightly and cozily in his lover's arms. Safety was found in Richie's arms. Comfort was found in Richie's touch. And love was found in Richie's very being. Eddie was encompassed by Richie's tender warm-heartedness.

Eddie had often wondered if love could ever be enough. But sometimes he didn't wonder at all.

Author's Note:

Raise your hand if you've experienced this before?!?
Young, gay love, amiright?

Not my longest, and not my best. But one of the rawest and realest I have written.

Please leave a review and let me know what you thought. I really love and appreciate hearing your thoughts. It means more than I can ever adequately express.